

THE STATE JOURNAL.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF TOPEKA.

By FRANK P. MACLENNAN.

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Weather Indications.

WASHINGTON, May 9.—For Kansas—Forecast till 8 p. m. Thursday: Fair, preceded by showers in eastern portion this evening or tonight; cooler tonight; cooler in eastern portion Thursday; winds shifting to west.

CONGRESS is saying to Cokey, "Get off the grass," but it means "Get off the earth."

THE jury in the Cokey case undoubtedly thought that tramping on the grass was a hay-nous offense.

KELLY's fleet will be the first introduction many Iowa people have had to "Slips that pass in the night."

THERE is no good reason why Mrs. Lease shouldn't be sent to the house of representatives when so many old grannies have been sent to the senate.

SUPR. HITCHCOCK was endorsed by the state board of charities notwithstanding the fact that twenty-seven out of the forty-nine charges against him were sustained.

SINCE the senate finance committee has found 400 mistakes in its own bill that body will become a formidable rival of the executive branch for the prize for stupidity.

IF Baby Ruth really is a deaf mute, as reported, it is to be hoped that the misfortune will not accentuate any long-winded tendency in writing that she may have inherited from her father.

THOUSANDS of Washington people walked on the grass and thrashed around through the shrubbery and were not arrested, but doubtless that is one of the peculiar privileges of residents.

NEW YORK city is just now making a big fuss over the elephant tip which has eight murders to its credit. The occurrence is far from new—hundreds of men have been destroyed by tips.

THE senate Democrats only made 400 changes in the tariff bill all in sectional interests. Even at a paltry thousand dollars a change that would make quite a neat little sum for each of them.

MRS. LEASE ought to stand a good show for the nomination in the Seventh district, she has the advantage of a clear record for no one can accuse her of having ever done anything unmanly.

BOSS CROKER doesn't want to resign but simply desires to be relieved of work. The Democratic administration ought to be able to arrange it for him as it has done the latter for so many others.

IF Cokey and Browne committed a crime when they walked on the grass, what punishment would have been great enough for them in the eyes of the senate if they had tramped on sugar cane?

WHEN the whole list of Populist officials shall have been gone through, it is doubtful if many will be found that have not exceeded in corruption and incapacity anything that has ever been heard of before in the state.

A NEWSPAPER man in San Francisco had his life saved by the bullet which was shot at him hitting a silver dollar. It was probably a newspaper man also who shot and the dollar seemed so big he couldn't hit anything else.

TOM REED suggests that "back stairs" influence has been at work among the senators. A little more back stairs influence in the way of tumbling down them on account of a kick administered by the people is what the senate needs.

BLUE GRASS BLADE (Lexington, Ky.): "If Breckinridge were so humbled by the degradation to which he has brought himself, and by the disgrace he has brought upon his county, that he would modestly and contritely seek the retirement of private life, and show a disposition in that capacity to make amends for the ruin he has wrought, it would be quite another matter, but, fresh from the conviction of the lowest and most brutal and heartless uncleanness and unfaithfulness to a pure and loving wife, and with the echo of lie after lie scarred by his polluted lips, he comes and asks the people of this county to ratify and indorse all of this by sending him back to congress."

HITCHCOCK NOT CLEARED.

Superintendent Hitchcock of the State Reform school has been pronounced innocent by the state board of charities, of the charges preferred against him, but not so by public opinion. From the evidence given at the investigation and by his own admission, Superintendent Hitchcock is proven to be wholly unfit for the position he occupies.

If as is believed by many, he was given this thin coating of white wash that he might resign without being removed the public will not object seriously. It is a matter for the board to settle with their conscience and their party. What the public demands is that this important institution shall be purged of a man proven so wholly unfit for its management.

Had Superintendent Hitchcock lived in the south before the war he might have commanded a high salary as an overseer of black men, and even now he might be useful in the mines of Siberia, but his methods should have no place among the free and enlightened people of Kansas.

What a cry of indignation would go up in any community if it were known to have a man in its midst who beat his children on their bare backs with a rubber hose! Shall a man be permitted then to do this to the children of the state? Such things would scarcely be tolerated in the penitentiary, why then in a reformatory? Perhaps the public is wrong in its conception of what a reform school is for, but it has been under the impression that it was for the purpose of taking bad boys and moulding them into good boys, who would go out into the world and become useful citizens. If this is not the purpose of the school, it might as well be abandoned and the boys be sent to the penitentiary at once. The object of the school is scarcely less likely to be attained under the Hitchcock system of discipline. People are not reformed that way and a man who is incapable of more civilized methods should not be tolerated at the head of such an institution a single day. Mr. Hitchcock should reform himself or step down and out, willingly or unwillingly. The state administration cannot afford to ignore this fact.

As soon as the legs of General Kelly and his men gave out their popularity began to wane. The spectacle of their march to Washington over rough roads and under beating rain storms was a sight that filled the country with admiration of their courage if not of their motives. There was something romantic and inspiring in the thought of 1,500 men going on foot all the way from the Missouri river to the nation's capital as a matter of principle. It made one think of the crusaders or of the little band who sang the Marseillaise along the roads from Marseilles to Paris. If these men were willing to undergo such hardships because they thought they were right, the country was willing to waive the question and furnish the pork, bread and coffee to sustain their frames while they plodded on. But when they began to show signs of weakening, when they exhibited the melancholy fact that they were not the stuff that martyrs are made of and wanted to ride all the way and walk not at all, not even for exercise; when the march of the invincibles threatened to dwindle into a mere railroad excursion, the country lost faith in Mr. Kelly's army. While they were marching with bright eyes and heads up-lifted cheering for non-interest bearing bonds (or whatever they were cheering for) they were an imposing sight, but now that they have fallen from their high ambition and refuse to get out of Des Moines unless they are carried out, the public breathes a sigh of disappointment and turns eagerly to some fresh humbug.

It is a noteworthy fact that Rev. W. G. Todd, the clergyman who did the praying for the Populist house during the legislative war, is almost the only man who has been appointed to office under the present administration who has had sense and ability enough to manage his business without dragging the institution over which he presides into disrepute. Rev. Mr. Todd is superintendent of the state blind asylum, and as far as can be learned he is making a most exemplary officer. Of course the state board of charities will go out of their way to avoid putting as good a man in charge of the reform school or the Topeka insane asylum. Mr. Todd is one member of his party who seemingly lives up to his profession in declaring that the Populist party is founded on the "Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man." Besides he possesses common sense which is a great rarity in his party.

MR. WAIT of the board of charities doesn't want to be hurried in the investigating business. Taking his view of it, one can hardly blame him. The probability of developing more mismanagement in the asylum just after the Reform school outrages have been brought to light is far from a pleasing prospect to Populists with a campaign at hand.

THE prosecution in the trial of Browne and Cokey, with all those who have been forwarding it, has been so farcical and so ridiculously puerile as to make the simplicity of the misguided Cokey stand out like a solid mountain of common sense in comparison.

Benefit for Ingleside.

An entertainment of much merit will be given in Library hall about the middle of May. All friends of Ingleside should go and enjoy this evening with authors.

Come to the First M. E. church Friday evening, May 11, and hear Symant's experience at the World's fair, after which the ladies will serve ice cream strawberries.

PRESS OF A BIG CITY.

NEWSPAPERS AND NEWSPAPER MEN OF THE WESTERN METROPOLIS.

John Calhoun Started the First Journal There—Storey and The Times—Medill and The Tribune—The News-Record, The Inter Ocean and The Herald.

The first newspaper ever published in Chicago was The Weekly Democrat. It was established 40 years ago by a young man named John Calhoun, who had been a printer on The Eagle at Watertown, N. Y.

Having concluded that the east was too slow for him, he started west one September morning with a complete outfit for the publication of a weekly



JOSEPH MEDILL.

paper. It took him about four weeks to get from Watertown to Chicago, and when he got there he found the population of the place to be not more than 800 souls. There was no finished building in the entire village in which he could rent space for publication, press and editorial room, so he fell to and with his own hands helped to lath a room in a not yet completed structure. The day the first issue of his paper was printed was one of great excitement in the little hamlet by the lake shore, and the sheets that were then thrown off from the hand press were regarded by the inhabitants as evidences of a distinctly forward step in the history of the settlement. It is probably not necessary to say that among the articles in that first number was one predicting that Chicago would one day be larger than New York. Shortly afterward, Mr. Calhoun was elected a justice of the peace and in time became chief justice of the supreme court of the state of Illinois. How long he remained in the newspaper business I do not know, and if The Democrat which he started be still in existence it is in a form so obscure as to attract no attention and to be utterly unknown to the great world.

It would be interesting to trace from this humble journalistic beginning the history of that marvelous thing, the press of Chicago. It would be a chronicle filled with thrilling incidents and detailing the deeds of men of extraordinary force. Perhaps the most extraordinary of them all would be Wilbur F. Storey, the shrewd Vermont Yankee who, after learning the printer's trade in the shadows of the Green mountains, drifted west, located first in South Bend, Ind., and afterward published the Detroit Free Press for some years before going to Chicago. There he succeeded in making The Times the greatest newspaper of the west if not of the world. There he virtually introduced the "special dispatch" as well as many other of the most important features that differentiate the journalism of today from that of the fathers. When he was in his prime, he once said to a subordinate that he did not wish his newspaper to live after him; he desired the world to understand that he was the newspaper, and that without the guidance of his genius it could not be perpetuated. Later, after his brain had been partially overwhelmed by the lethal wave that finally quite submerged it, he changed his mind and planned to leave the property in the hands of a board of managers who should pay its profits up to a certain point to his relatives and after that to designated charities in the city of his adoption. This plan was never carried out, and



VICTOR F. LAWSON.

the paper, though still a journalistic entity (it belongs to the estate of Carter H. Harrison), has dropped out of the first rank of Chicago newspapers.

Of the men who still guide the journals of Chicago, but one of the old school is left. Joseph Medill, the editor and chief proprietor of The Tribune, was a member of the general class which included Thurlow Weed, Horace Greeley, James Gordon Bennett, Henry J. Raymond, George D. Prentice, Charles A. Dana and Wilbur F. Storey. Mr. Medill is now 71 and for several years has lived most of the time in southern California. But notwithstanding the fact that his form is no longer seen and his voice no longer heard in the office of his newspaper he still directs its policy and writes many of its editorials, some of which he sends by telegraph.

When he took The Tribune in 1855, after having virtually started the Cleveland Leader, it was not a success.

It became one shortly thereafter. Mr. Medill was the virtual discoverer of Abraham Lincoln. His first vote was cast for Clay. He was in at the birth of the Republican party. He was mayor of Chicago just after the great fire, and it was during his term and his subsequent brief sojourn in Europe that The Tribune received its only setback. Mr. Horace White, then being the editor, caused the paper to support Greeley. When Mr. Medill returned to the editorial chair, he swung the paper again into line with his party, and its progress since has been steady and continuous.

The Tribune's chief competitor for the favor of the Republican party in Chicago is The Inter Ocean, which was started in 1873 by John Young Scannon, who bought the franchise, practically all that was left after the big fire, of the Chicago Republican, that had been Charles A. Dana's paper. Scannon had to abandon the enterprise not long after its establishment, but it was taken up by The Inter Ocean Publishing company. Elijah Halford, known to the world as President Harrison's private secretary, was the first managing editor, William Penn Nixon the first business manager. F. W. Palmer, afterward public printer; Gilbert Pierce, later United States minister to Spain, and Melville E. Stone were among those who began with The Inter Ocean. It received great impetus when The Tribune decided to support Greeley in 1872. Its present publisher, Herman H. Kohlstaet, began life as a cash boy at \$3 a week, but he wanted to go to work in a newspaper office and got a place as office boy with The Tribune. His mother objected. He predicted that some time he would himself own a newspaper and is busy now verifying that prophecy. Before he bought into The Inter Ocean, however, he made much money as a salesman and some fame as the inventor of a new style of lunchroom. He is a man of great energy and keen journalistic sense.

Next in order of age comes The News, which was born in 1875. Melville E. Stone and William Dougherty believed that Chicago was a good place for a 1 cent newspaper. They succeeded in persuading Percy Meggy, who had some money, that they were right. There were no 1 cent pieces circulating in Chicago at that time, and the early days of the life of The News were not days of plenty. Dougherty was the first to get out. Meggy paid him \$55 for one-third interest. Then Meggy, after sinking \$13,000, abandoned the enterprise. Then Stone, who had no money, but lots of faith in



HERMAN KOHLSTAET.

the scheme, succeeded in interesting Victor F. Lawson. Lawson was a native of Chicago, whose father had left him some property, including The Skandinavian, a Swedish-Norwegian newspaper. He put up the money needed and agreed to pay Stone a regular salary as managing editor. After a time Stone got one-third interest in the paper back, but a few years ago sold out again to Mr. Lawson, who has since been sole owner of the paper. A peculiarity of The News was its four editions daily—one in the morning, one at 12 o'clock noon, one at 3 p. m. and one at 5 p. m. Two or three years ago it was decided to separate the morning and afternoon editions, and to the morning paper was given the name of The Record, with a separate management and separate plant. Mr. Lawson is but little over 40 years of age. He still devotes all his time to the direction of his two newspapers and stands in high regard in the business and social world as well as in journalistic circles. It is in the columns of The News that Eugene Field has printed most of his late work.

It was in 1881 that the Chicago Herald was established by a number of bright, enthusiastic young men from the offices of the older papers. Like many another journalistic enterprise, The Herald had some days of uncertainty, but in 1882, when the energy of James W. Scott and the money of J. R. Walsh, the owner of the Western News company, were added to the resources of the paper, a period of phenomenal growth and prosperity began. No backward steps have since been taken by the paper, which now adorns a shining place in the front rank of American journals. Among the charms of the Chicago Herald have been its clean, beautiful typography and the pure white paper stock upon which it is printed. Much of the success of the paper has been due to H. W. Seymour, the managing editor, whose assistants have always been men of ability and energy. Walter Wellman, who has gone north to look for the pole, was for some years connected with The Herald and originated many of the features which gave it individuality in the early days. The Evening Post is, in a way, an afternoon edition of The Herald, being owned by the same stockholders, although printed from a different plant and conducted by a separate staff.

The Chicago Journal, published every afternoon, is still conducted somewhat upon the old school plan, but it doubtless pleases its constituency quite as well as the newer journals do theirs. So much space is required even briefly to mention the giants of the Chicago press that none is left to devote to the lesser lights or the periodicals, of which there are many and printed in many languages. I. D. MARSHALL.

HUMOR.

HE HAD LOST TWO.

The Beetle Browed Man Knew What He Was Talking About.

Among the people waiting in the depot at the foot of Brush street two or three evenings since was a citizen who expected his wife on an incoming train. He didn't tell anybody that he expected her, but his looks and actions gave him away. He skated up and down to see if the train was on time. Then he rushed out and engaged a hack. Then he promenade around and wiped his brow, and he was impatiently watching the clock when a sawed off, beetle browed man, who was evidently yearning to dash somebody's bright hopes to earth, slid up to him and queried:

"Expectin some one, eh?"
"Yes, sir."
"Not your mother-in-law?"
"No, sir."
"Wife, probably?"
"Yes."
"Bin away long?"
"Over two weeks."
"Comin on this train?"
"Yes."

"Waal, I dunno," continued the man as he rubbed his back against the ticket window shelf. "I wouldn't be too enthusiastic about it. Wimmen are mighty onartion. I've had two of 'em run away from me. Is your wife any hand to make acquaintances while traveling?"

"No, sir."
"Sir! Do you intend to insult me?"
"Gosh, no! I wouldn't insult nobody nor nothing. Could your wife be carried away by good looks and lots of money?"
"If you wasn't an old man, I'd thump you for your impudence!" exclaimed the husband as he grew red all over.

"You would! Waal, I won't talk to you. If your wife comes in on the train, all right. If she doesn't come, you needn't blame me."

He went into the sitting room, and the train presently came in. The husband dodged about as if he was walking on glass, and the passengers came out one by one until the coaches were empty. There was no wife. It was 10 minutes before the husband could give up, and when he did and started out doors the old man lounged out and said: "I told him so. I've lost two wimmen just that way, and I knew what I was talking about."—Detroit Free Press.

Small.

The young man from the city had been fishing. He hadn't had much luck, but it was more than he was used to, and he looked very jubilant as he strode into the farmhouse kitchen with his catch.

"What'je git?" asked his host.
"Oh, nothing much. Just a few catfish."

"Mean them?" the farmer inquired, pointing with his pipe stem.
"Certainly. They're not very large. But there's no doubt about their being catfish."

"Waal, mebbe they passes fur catfish out whur you come from. But here we calls them kittenfish."—Washington Star.

On the Car.

He had accused her of a general hostility to his sex.
"You are mistaken," she declared.
"I have frequently stood up for the men in your presence."

He laughed.
"I was not aware of it," he rejoined.
"No," she said, and there was a besomeer steel ring in her voice, "you were reading your paper during the whole ride."—Detroit Tribune.

A Fine Sense of Humor.

He—Miss Swansdown uses such queer comparisons. Speaking of you, she said your pedigree was as long as the tail of your favorite cat!

She—She has a certain sense of humor also. The only cat I possess came from the Isle of Man.—Life.

Its Beginning.

Loving Mother—I cannot understand what makes our boy Robert so fond of pedestrianism.

Fond Father—He gets that from me. Didn't I walk the floor with him for weeks when he was a baby?—New York World.

Probable.

"Have you ever read 'The Bright Side of Suffering'?"

"No. Who wrote it?"
"I don't know. Some doctor, I imagine."—Life.

Too Young.

Clara—What do you think of my new bonnet?

Maud—Aren't the colors rather gay for you?—Truth.

Skeptical.

Mrs. Browne—If I had my life to live over again, I would marry you, after all. Browne—I don't know about that.—Exchange.

Our Boys and Our Girls.



"Tom's uncle was very unjust when he left him \$50,000 and the two girls only \$5,000 apiece."

"But he explained in the will that he considered them capable of making their own way in the world."—Life.

FRIENDS OF THE PUBLIC.

Men of Mark Who Gather and Transmit the News.

AND HOW THEY EXHAUST

Some Personal Sketches and Incidents of Brain Workers in the Highest Walks of Life.

The reader of the daily paper who sits in his cosy home and is informed of what is transpiring in every quarter of the globe, seldom realizes the amount of actual labor necessary to ascertain, collect, write, transmit and print this wonderful mass of news.

Mr. William Henry Smith, formerly manager of the Associated Press, is in the prime of life, and possesses a mind clear as to the requirements of the public. Mr. Smith has always been an arduous worker, and it is by no means surprising that his health should, in the past, have suffered more or less thereby. The mental strain necessary to the performance of his duties caused difficulties of digestion which are not easily overcome, and also a uremic colic, both painful and exhausting. All attempts to overcome these tendencies by force of will power failed, and he consulted eminent physicians, among them Dr. Barthol of Philadelphia. In spite, however, of the care and skill of these practitioners, he grew worse constantly. The result can best be described in his own words. He said:

"My brother, C. W. Smith, manager of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad, came to visit me, and, seeing my condition, took upon himself to conduct my case, and so secured a preparation which, I since learned he had used successfully himself and in his family. I began its use, and commenced improving at once. This improvement continued, until now I am well, and wholly through the influence of Warner's Safe Cure. I have since then used the remedy with good results in my family, and keep it on hand constantly. I consider it a remarkable medicine."

Mr. George Alfred Townsend, the famous newspaper correspondent, whose letter, written over the nom de plume of "Gath," have attracted such wide attention, said to the writer: "While in England I had a pleasant visit with ex-Gov. S. B. Packard, our Consul at Liverpool. We were remarking on the death of a number of distinguished Americans, when the Governor said: 'Townsend, I can't see why so many of our public men are passing away, victims of one dread scourge. There is no need of their dying if they will consent to avail themselves of what has been provided for them, as I have.' Gov. Packard went on to describe his experience, and I found his symptoms corresponded almost exactly to my own. I soon afterward returned to America, began the same treatment, and when I had taken a number of bottles of Warner's Safe Cure—the remedy Gov. Packard used and commended to me so strongly—I, too, was rid of backache, bad fluids, tired feeling, nervous prostration, irregular appetite, 'thick head,' and today am as sound as a nut. It indicated my disorder and removed it entirely. I regarded it as a godsend to this country, where Bright's disease and all other kidney disorders are so prevalent." The above statements are not from obscure sources, but from gentlemen in the most exalted stations of trust and responsibility, and the affirmations they make are the results of actual observation. Does it not stand to reason, therefore, that the article of which they speak is a most valuable one, and such as may be used with great benefit by all who are suffering?

Peerless Steam Laundry 112 and 114 West 5th.
Have You Tried Beggs' German Salve
For piles? If not, why not? Can you afford to suffer longer from the pain of 25¢. This is the price of the greatest salve on the market. Sold and warranted by W. R. Kennedy, Fourth and Kansas avenue.

Charlie—Good steak. Where did you get it?
Billie—Yes, the best in town. At Whitney's.
Charlie—Where is that?
Billie—At Whitney's old stand, 780 Kansas avenue.

Yellow, Dried Up and Wrinkled.
Is this the way your face looks? If so, try Beggs' Blood Purifier and Blood Maker. It not only purifies the blood, but renews it, and gives your face a bright youthful appearance. Sold and warranted by W. R. Kennedy, 4th and Kas. Ave.

Send in your orders for ice cream to Scott Bros. Tel. 472.

De Witt's Sarsaparilla is prepared for cleansing the blood from impurities and disease. It does this and more. It builds up and strengthens constitutions impaired by disease. It recommends itself. J. K. Jones.
Creates health, creates strength, creates vigor: De Witt's Sarsaparilla. It recommends itself. J. K. Jones.

The Great Rock Island Route.
Lowest rates everywhere. Best track, fastest time, finest cars. Solid vestibuled trains, with through sleepers.
H. O. GARVEY,
City Ticket and Passenger Agent,
601 Kansas avenue, Topeka, Kan.

Just Found the Place
Where you can get your furniture repaired and also packed for shipment. Cleaning and laying carpets a specialty. All kinds of general jobbing work done on short notice. Work guaranteed by a good mechanic. No 417 West Tenth street.

Shirts Repaired.
Send your work to the Topeka Steam Laundry and have therein your shirts sewed up, FINE. Fine work on short notice.
Phone 153.
E. M. WOOLGER, Manager.

What makes a house a home? The mother well, the children rosy, the father in good health and good humor. All brought about by the use of De Witt's Sarsaparilla. It recommends itself. J. K. Jones.

Good work done by the Peerless.